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WASHINGTON, D. C.

RANK AND NOBILITY. A STORY—BY JEANNE MARIE.

Translated for the Era, by Dr. Edwin A. Alden.

The Minister's lady understoodly said what tended to displease Baler, who felt the latter reproach of her words, he turned coldly from her, and addressed himself to Glohen, who just then entered the box.

"Why hast thou forsaken the Countess Eisehim?" asked the latter. "Hast thou informed her of the party to-morrow? Will she partake of it?"

"Not yet," answered Baler; "I did not wish to leave the ladies while thou wast buzzing about Lady X."

During the first act, Count Sternhof had been combating with himself whether to go over to Erika, and place himself in close intimacy with her mother. To avoid all appearance, it seemed necessary to be done. The want of good manners might cost him much. So, after the third act he made up his mind, and went. Erika had not taken notice of Baler's neglect, another lady having engaged his attention.

After exchanging looks with Adrian, in which she expressed joy not easily to be mistaken, he repaired to the other side of the box, and turned his whole attention to the stage, and towards the acts to his mother. Not a look nor motion betrayed to Erika the least interest in her presence. She seemed not to attract his attention for a moment, even when the words of the poet declared her own thoughts, and her looks gave evidence that she accorded with them.

"This hurts me," thought Erika; "there is contempt in this behaviour. How have I merited it? Besides, he is the only one for whose notice I would strive, the only one perhaps who might be capable of answering the great question of my life. This rigid reserve, this neutral smile, cannot be nature."

Erika had seen Adrian twice; he was therefore less a stranger to her than the rest of the gentlemen of the company. She knew his character, from the communications of the Duke—his heart, from the glowing descriptions of Hypolith's tale; had moreover read a letter of his, in which he had explained his religious views, in answer to the Duke's invitation to Reichfeld as parish preacher. Every word of this letter evinced reflection and maturity of understanding. She was charmed with him, and much desired his acquaintance.

Then she heard him in the cathedral, when his discourse corresponded with her expectations, and her opinion was more confirmed. She saw him at the artist's exhibition; and her conversation with him there affected her soul, unceasingly occupied her thoughts, and gave her hopes of bright hours in his company. But these bright hours had not come, and though a slight doubt arose in her mind when at the Duke's yet she hoped for certainty here. But what could prejudice Adrian against her: how had she given occasion for his strict and forced reserve?

Altogether in deep meditation, she neither heeded the conversation of the gentlemen in the box, nor their going out; and when Baler bowed and wished her a good evening, she was aroused in a fright. His vanity misinterpreted her emotion; and with a soft, tremulous tone, he addressed her:

"Why so thoughtful?" answered Erika, giving him a searching look. "Has the piece so laid hold of you?"

Baler blushed! Every word could be heard in his mother's box. He did not look into it, but continued in light conversation with Erika. Mrs. Muller trembled with emotion. Adrian looked nothing. Edmund in the back-ground sought himself in a corner of the box, and was quite negligent of the presence of Seraphine, though a sight of her gave him pain. His dialogue with his brother in the afternoon still lingered in his mind, and the words, "Thou wilt disgrace thyself," unceasingly reproached him. A delicate sensitiveness kept him from entering Glohen's box, where the voices of coxcombs around Seraphine were soon heard in the soft tones of politeness. Swarms of butterflies in uniform and black frocks fluttered and flitted about her, and she, with a serious countenance, bespoke pity or regret. Thus was Edmund convinced that all was semblance and disguise. His confidence had been great, and this case gave evidence of his weakness and self-delusion.

"I will see her to-morrow, in the cabinet, when she will be near; we will exchange words and looks, and the so-called great world will be nothing in our view."

So thought Edmund, when there was a knock at the box door. Mrs. Muller was so evidently sinking, that Adrian, affrighted, threw his arms round her, and she, in a moment, indulged the hope, from the light manner in which Baler, transported by the force of the poem, would not be able to withstand the influence of the play, which so wonderfully related circumstances similar to those which attended actually to him and her; and—

"The door closed after Glohen. The fourth act of the play began, and the Baron approached Baler, who just came out of the Eisehim box."

"How now?" asked Glohen. "The Countess does not participate—she is going to leave the city."

for the end of the tragedy. He could no longer bear the narrow box; his anxiety drove him to activity. Every minute that kept him musing here, seemed to portend harm to his sister. He was in feverish excitement, but was in some measure composed when he saw Hypolith enter the Duke's box.

The fifth act began, and Mrs. Muller's agitation was at its height. Baler's voice reached her, so pleasant, so distinct, so free from anxiety, betraying nevertheless a deeper feeling, it was cruel. Without turning to her, he left the box, and again stood opposite her, coldly and indifferently ogling the public, and paying but little attention to the stage. There the passions were the height. Richard, not acknowledged by his mother, cast off in want and wretchedness, is resolving to leave the world, when Lady Macbeth enters, in consequence of information from Hannah. The meeting is truly affecting. The lady recognises him, and her obduracy melts.

"It is indeed my son!" she cried aloud. The voice rang piercingly in Mrs. Muller's ears. Her glance flew over to Baler, who still vivid of feeling, held the Lorinet to his eye. A chord broke in her heart, and with a faint cry she turned away. Most of the spectators were not aware of this tragedy in tragedy, but Erika looked on the scene in the box with sympathizing and throbbing heart. It impelled her to offer help. She was nearest, knew the lady—a glance, a word exchanged with his father, and she hastened to her duty.

Adrian had taken his mother in his strong arms, and carried her out of the box, to withdraw her from the view of the crowd, and bring her into a more airy apartment. Edmund was about to hasten in search of a carriage, when Erika met him, and said:

"Our carriage waits below," said Mrs. Muller. "I have ordered it to be brought up. We women understand best how to treat the sick?" There was no time for reflection. It was necessary that Mrs. Muller should be placed in safety, ere the crowd, now rushing out, should subvert her.

A look of thankfulness answered the Countess, and she bowed her head and turned the steps. Edmund meanwhile threw Erika's cloak and capote over her; and both in haste followed those who were stepping out. Having arrived below, they found a formidable bulwark of carriages; but Erika's voice was heard. Frederic answered, and immediately Eisehim's carriage drew up before the portal, and while Edmund went for a physician, Erika drove with Mrs. Muller in her arms, and Adrian opposite, to—street.

The situation of the young Countess was so singular, that she would herself have thought it impossible, as she would be before, and yet it was so affected, that she could not deny it. She could not deny it, and yet it was so affected, that she could not deny it. She could not deny it, and yet it was so affected, that she could not deny it.

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"Mr. Muller, accompany me up," said she. "I have something to say to you." Edmund heard with surprise. Frederic sprang to open the doors, and they soon entered a simply-furnished salon.

"Mr. Muller," said Erika, turning toward the expectant young man, "promise me never again to visit the Hochstein house."

Edmund looked confusedly at her, desiring so great a sacrifice of him, and in so decisive a tone. With what right? Erika read in his countenance.

"I have not deceived myself," she continued; "you at least have been true; and the abandonment of an intercourse, dangerous to you, will be difficult."

"But worthy Countess, whence do you come?" "I know that people are making sport of you. Extricate yourself for it is yet time. I esteem you too proud to believe that it will rebound on the high road to waste time with a vain child of the world."

Here was a concurrence of many things to shake Edmund's confidence. The demonstrations of his brother, Seraphine's behaviour this evening, and Erika's warning. But he could not comprehend the interest of the Countess, could not believe that a pure sympathy in the fate of one so much a stranger could induce her to be so upright and firm towards him.

"Countess," said he, "have you grounds for destroying my faith?" "I have spoken very freely with Seraphine," answered she, "and feel myself obliged to impart to you the result of our conversation. Understand me, Mr. Muller, that it is from no other ground than that I cannot bear to see a man imposed on. Seraphine is not sincere with you; and I wish to tell you so before it is too late. I wish to spare you the humiliation of being deceived."

Edmund stared while at Erika; then said, as if thinking aloud: "She speaks like Adrian!" [TO BE CONTINUED]

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA. SONNET.

When Autumn to her hoary father brought, When he sat shining on his crumbling throne, A royal robe of purple all he wrought With gold and ermine brocade, and a crown Woven of sunlight and a delicate mist.

And in his last and dearest now-blown flowers, And in the faded leaves of the summer hours, My spirit said, I will awake and sing The wonder and the beauty of the world, Now while all Nature, kneeling, worshipping, Feels the warm wing of heaven about her furled, The poet's heart shall burst its galling chain, And men shall hear and God shall bless the strain.

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA. OUR MINISTER'S SECOND WIFE. BY MARY IRVING.

"A wife!" It is a sacred word, however it may have been degraded in this world, since Eve lost Paradise! And the wife of a month, live she in cottage or in palace—the wife, I mean, who endures all the strong, strange, beautiful significance of our English word, and under much secret agitation, arrived at—street. The carriage stopped as directed, and Adrian hastened to open the door, while Erika gently raised Mrs. Muller.

"It is indeed my son!" said she, with faint voice. "Thank God!" cried Erika, "she is recovering!" Mrs. Muller gazed on the strange lady, and in surprise asked—

"Have I betrayed him?" "But Erika understood her not, but called to Adrian, who was returning that his mother had awoken from her stupor, and seemed to ask Erika of the maid who was lighting them, and turning to Adrian, said—

"You must allow me to take care of your mother till the physician comes." Without waiting for his answer, she followed the nurse, and left her to a comfortable, moderately-warmed sleeping-room. Here Erika, with the help of the stranger, quietly selected the suitable means for restoration; and when, half an hour afterwards, there was a knock at the door, and the physician was admitted, Adrian saw through the opening how Erika needed at the moment, and smilingly bent down to speak in gentleness to her.

"She is better," said Erika to Adrian, clearing his way for him and the physician. "How glad I am that all danger is over!" "I thank you," answered Adrian, falling at her feet, "I honor and thank you." "I am so happy!" said she, with indescribable expression.

"You must ever be so," answered Adrian; "for one so good as you carries heaven in her bosom." "And yet no star seems as yet to rise in this heaven, Mr. Muller," she hurriedly continued. "I have reflected much on our conversation at the artist's exhibition. It has been so frequent, and I wished to ask you some questions, but no opportunity offered."

"I thought of the evening at the Duke's. Erika had no idea of how much she suffered under him. And he politely said— 'I shall in a few days have the honor to be nothing in our view.'"

Tears sprang to Emily's eyes, too, as she caught his glance, and then fell on her heart. Edmund heard with surprise. Frederic sprang to open the doors, and they soon entered a simply-furnished salon.

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FOR THE NATIONAL ERA. THE CASE OF PEREIRA.

The case of Manuel Pereira, colored British seaman, imprisoned in Charleston, South Carolina, on account of his bad complexion, has been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Milnes, who inquired as to what Lord Derby's Cabinet had done or were doing to bring the matter to a favorable issue. Lord Stanley replied on the part of the Government, stating the facts as regards the prosecution of the case before courts of South Carolina by Mr. Mathew, the British Consul, and also intimating the intention of the Government to carry the question before the Supreme Court of the United States for final decision as to the constitutionality of the law under which the seaman took place. At the same time Lord Stanley referred to the late relaxations in the law of Louisiana upon the same subject, and expressed the hope that "the influence of public opinion would ultimately do away with all laws of this nature and remove from one of the most enlightened nations of the world one of the greatest degradations that could be fixed on a civilized country."

The hearing of the case before the State Judges of South Carolina has been postponed until January. The decision of this question is looked for with a great deal of interest.

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA. OBITUARY.

DIED on the 15th of May, at his home, in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, FRANK A. E. WATKES, wife of Rev. Simon Waters.

"Sweet Death" is always lying among our weeping flowers. But their fragrance shall not perish—they are only transplanted to the garden of the Lord, in Paradise!

Such is the only case where a wife brings consolation to the hearts that mourn for the young wife and mother who has just gone from us. Three years ago, her marriage was announced in the paper which now tells her widely-scattered friends the tidings of her death. Few have been more beloved than she. It seems but yesterday that she was a school girl, among her young companions, winning all their hearts by her gracefulness, her affability, and her ready sympathy with the joy or sorrow of every one. The same traits followed her into the wider circle in which she moved as a young lady, and made her the friend of all. Especially was she a friend of the friendless. No appeal from any suffering or oppressed human being ever failed to awake her warmest sympathy. The fugitive from slavery, the freeman of color in her native State, Ohio, reaped especially the benefit of her unwearied energies and her warmest prayers. These have indeed left a friend.

Although she sought and gained the wide influence which a woman of refined and noble nature would ambition, she never joined those who were ambitious to climb the bounds of woman's proper sphere. It was enough for her to be useful and beloved as a woman. After her marriage, she removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, where she, entered with her whole soul into the duties of a minister's wife, upon her home missionary ground. Her people can tell how well those duties were discharged, and how they miss the kind voice, and mourn for the step that was among them, but "is not!"

Her friends conspired had marked her its victim. Her friends conspired long against the conviction of her danger; but there was a voice in her own heart which was calling her away from her world, and she knew too well that she must go. It was not first, for the links were strong that bound her heart to life. What wonder that she wept a mother's tears over the precious babe whom she must leave before he had ever known the worth of a mother's love? Yet when the fatal decree had passed, and doubt and anxiety were an end, she became calm and cheerful, willing to go to her Father above, though He called her from all that was so beautiful, so happy on earth.

On the day before the third anniversary of her marriage, she was a great sufferer. Those who watched over her saw that the hour of her departing was near. In every interval

"Isn't it good coffee?" asked Emily, deprecatingly. "It is dish-water!" he exclaimed; "I can't write sermons on that! You must talk to Belinda."

The "talking" into which Emily threw a good deal of severity, rather irritated Belinda, and she turned away, muttering that "if she didn't suit folks, they might suit themselves."

A few mornings later, tea came on the table in place of coffee—an unheard-of innovation in the pastor's table of dietetics. Emily went from the table into the kitchen, quite angry.

"Why didn't you make coffee this morning, Belinda?" "Hah! none, ma'am," answered Belinda, bluntly.

"Why didn't you get it then? Haven't I ordered you always to have coffee for Mr. Young's breakfast?" "I would have you to know that I am accustomed to be obeyed by servants!"

Belinda's arms flew up from the dough she was kneading at this word, and all the color in her plump body flew into her cheeks and forehead; if one might judge by appearances, she would have been smothered in her incoherent heat. Yet there were some exceptions to this universal censure.

"Well, what do you think now?" said an old lady by the church steps, to Mrs. Stephens, as she passed down, leaning on her husband's arm.

"I think she's a very rose-bud; don't you?" "What do we want of a rose-bud?" answered the other scornfully.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Stephens's appellation being repeated, passed into a "village classic," and the "Georgian rose-bud" was the most common sobriquet of the minister's new wife, even among those who used it with no kindly meaning, but simply to imply her uselessness.

A concave met in noon session, at Mrs. Ray's, and with one faintly dissenting voice, that of Miss Polly Little, voted the lady of the paragonage a young, prettily thing, pretty enough to look upon, but worse than useless as a pattern and guide; in short, a complete catastrophe to the church, parish, and minister himself!

The Sabbath passed, and the week brought its new trials and duties to Emily Young. "Help" was a commodity not always to be secured at a moment's warning. Mrs. Deacon Johnson had kindly lent her domestic to the establishment for a few days.

"Now, Emily," said her husband, as he poised his spoon over her empty coffee-cup, at the breakfast-table, "how you are fairly glowing into housekeeping!"

"Yes, but—I'm puzzled about a good many things. There isn't a yard of cloth in the store-room, or—"

"Well, what of that?" "Why, I never heard of such a thing! The housekeeper keeps the keys, always. Mother did."

"Oh, I understand," returned her husband. "Why, the fact is, Emily, this is a favorite mode of expression with him; the fact is, the custom here is different. It would offend our Northern girls very much, to keep everything in a lady's hands—especially a minister's wife."

"Are they so easily offended?" asked Emily, rather scornfully. "Yes, dear; you will have to be oryous guard with them; for they can do a deal of mischief in a parish, if they take a prejudice against a lady—especially a minister's wife."

This warned, Emily very timidly ventured into her kitchen, an hour or two after breakfast, feeling very much like a meddler in a place where she had no business whatever. The presiding genius, a neat, pretty "Yankee girl" was a being so utterly new to her, that she was puzzled to know just what rank to assign her, or just what form of speech to use in addressing her. She thought of the old cook on her father's plantation, sooty and plump, rigged out in her own cast-off corsets and worn-out muslin; but this damsel, with her tidy morning dress of shilling calico, and with a neat white apron, was very evidently not to be classed in the same category by many a degree.

of distress she spoke of 'Christ, her only hope,' on whom 'her heart was stayed.' At evening, as she grew calmer, her husband reminded her of the morrow, and of a hope which she had expressed, some time before, that she should be carried once more to her table on that anniversary.

"I shall not live to see it," she calmly said; "but I trust God will invite me to sit down at a richer feast!"

Contrary to fears, however, her life was prolonged until noon of the day so dear to her. She was conscious, free from pain, and happy, until her last moment, when she fell asleep quietly as a babe, to awake in the light of Heaven.

She was buried, as she had asked to be, beside her home. There was a clinging to the loved ones of that home, that seemed even to loved ones. Yes, it shall outlive death, and in the morning of the resurrection shall appear in heavenly strength, when all that is mortal of our form shall have put on the immortality that crowns her pure spirit now!

For the National Era. A DIBBLE. BY MARY IRVING.

No more—no more! Unhushed ticks the tireless clock. Upon the wall, The maple shadows slant and rock

The summer breeze sigh and surge Without the door, Within, the echoes wail a dirge— "No more—no more!"

No more—no more! No more—no more! The tenderest mother, trust with? There came a call At midnight—she passed away!

Our breaking hearts could bid her stay No more—no more! Searching for one in Paradise, With troubled sleep, A lake, with eager, asking eyes, And tremulous lips, Gaze tottering to the well-known room, And tries the door;

Poor little father! she will come No more—no more! The Evening Star looks down upon A single grave, All day and all the Sun Home shadows wait; Even in death she could not leave Her loved before;

Why will she comfort when they grieve No more—no more? Oh heart! no more! Oh heart! no more! Heaven could not keep her back from us? It cannot be!

Will tell her gently to her home She came before; Oh, home in heaven! where change on some No more—no more! "Forevermore!"

Hush! for any high has caught The dying dirge, Turning it to a triumph-shout, Whose echoes surge High o'er the "Alleluia" swell Of glory's shore! "God! in thy smile 't shall be well!" Forevermore!"

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS. SENATE. TUESDAY, JULY 13.

Numerous petitions in favor of the passage of the Homestead bill were presented. All the bills yesterday offered to be engrossed were read a third time and passed. Among them the bill to provide for the better service of the lives of passengers on vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam.

Mr. Clemens introduced a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to loan arms to the Washington Guards of this city; and it was taken up, and ordered to be engrossed.

On motion of Mr. Douglas, the joint resolution to indemnify the Spanish Consul and the other Spanish subjects who were injured by the mobs at New Orleans and Key West, growing out of the excitement attendant upon the execution of those who were taken prisoners in the Cuban expedition, was taken up and engrossed.

granted for school purposes, in Alabama and Florida, was taken up and ordered to be engrossed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. TUESDAY, JULY 13.

The Postage bill was taken up, and ultimately passed. It fixes the rate of postage on papers, periodicals, &c., not weighing more than two ounces, at half a cent, when not sent beyond three thousand miles, and double that rate beyond that distance; on all papers, &c., not weighing more than one ounce, and published once in three months, half of the foregoing rates; and on all newspapers not weighing more than two ounces, when sent from the office of publication to actual subscribers in the State where published, are entitled to the above reduction. The law to take effect from the 30th of September next.

Mr. Brooks moved to reconsider the vote for the purpose of recommitting the bill, with instructions to increase the weight of newspapers to two and a half ounces; upon which the yeas and nays were ordered, and the motion was negatively—yeas 32, nays 132. The bill was then passed.

The yeas and nays were taken on resolving the report of the Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency bill, which was carried, and the amendments were read by the Clerk—members stating what amendments they objected to, or on which they demanded the yeas and nays; which were reserved for after consideration. The others were agreed to.

The yeas and nays were taken on the amendment of Mr. Brooks of New York, relative to the boundary line of New Mexico, by which, "according to the true line of the treaty," was substituted "as the town of Paso," which was negatively—yeas 73, nays 103; and the amendment was agreed to as sent from the Senate.

In the amendment granting additional aid to the Collins line of steamers, the yeas and nays were ordered, and it was carried—yeas 89, nays 87.

There was evidently much anxiety prevailing after the roll was called, and Mr. Sweeney, of Ohio, called the attention of the Speaker to the enforcement of the rule which prohibits members from approaching the Clerk's desk while the votes are being taken.

At this juncture, Mr. Woodard of North Carolina affirmed his vote from the negative to the affirmative, protesting the above rule. Mr. Smart, of Maine, said he was opposed to the grant, but had agreed with Mr. Igersoll, that if his vote would change the decision of the House, he would pair off with him, and consequently vote the affirmative.

Mr. Ives of New York, whose vote was omitted to be taken down, voted in the negative. A motion was made to lay the bill upon the table, which was negatively—yeas 72, nays 104.

A motion had been previously made by Mr. Carter, of Ohio, and withdrawn, to reconsider the vote and lay the motion to reconsider on the table.

The House then proceeded with the remaining amendments of the Senate, which having been disposed of, a motion was made to reconsider the Collins line vote, and a motion was made to lay the motion to reconsider on the table; pending which, the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14. Reports from the Committee on Public Lands being in order, a bill was taken up granting the right of way to a railroad company in Indiana and Illinois, which Mr. Davis of Indiana explained.

Mr. Jones of Tennessee, moved to lay the bill upon the table. The yeas and nays were then taken on the motion to lay the bill upon the table; which was negatively—yeas 78, nays 101.

The morning hour having expired, Mr. McNair, of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported the Senate bill fixing the representation according to the Seventh Census, and also a minority report on grounds upon which it was drawn up by the Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed.

The yeas and nays were then taken upon the motion made yesterday to lay the table the motion to reconsider the vote granting additional aid to the Collins line of steamers, which was carried—yeas 93, nays 86.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, reported a bill from the Printing Committee, providing for the execution of the public printing, and for fixing prices. The Chair having decided that the report was in order. Mr. Stanley appealed against this decision, when a motion was made to lay the appeal upon the table; and the yeas and nays having been ordered, the decision of the Chair was sustained—yeas 108, nays 60.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, submitted a bill for the improvement of the navigation of the Illinois river. On motion of Mr. Houston, of Alabama, the bill was laid on the table.

Mr. Houston, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, moved to amend the bill on the Indian appropriation bill, which he said had been fully discussed, in five minutes after the House should go into Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved to amend the motion, by inserting four hours; which was agreed to, and the resolution was passed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the bill above alluded to.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, moved an amendment for granting to that portion of the Creek nation which remained attached to the United States during the last war with Great Britain, \$10,417, and explained the nature of the claim, and the propriety of appropriating the money.

Mr. Meado gave notice of an amendment to the bill, which precluded any further demand from the Creek Indians.

The Senate bill for the removal of obstructions in the Savannah river, was referred to the appropriate committee.

The resolution to print the proceedings, speeches, eulogies, &c., in regard to Henry Clay's death, was adopted.